THE REAL JACKIE KENNEDY—IV

Despite a Busy Social Schedule, Pressure Builds

By LIZ SMITH
Star Special Writer

The Spanish visit in mid-April of last year was hardly the glittering success conveyed to the public despite those glamorous photos of Jacqueline Kennedy in the dashing Andalusian hat and traje corto costume . . . sipping sherry on horseback at the feria . . . wearing the lace mantilla to the bullfights.

For one reason, her hosts, the Duke and Duchess of Alba were a bit awe-struck by their famous guest. Also, there was not enough scintillating company around to amuse Jackie until close to the end of her stay.

Fourth in a six-part series: National magazine writer Liz Smith relates recurring incidents which mar Jackie's life.

Things Perked Up

Fortunately the lively Duke and Duchess of Quintanilla came to Seville from Madrid and perked up her visit to Andalusia.

Despite the almost superhuman efforts of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke and his blonde wife, Robin, to prevent incidents, a number did mar the proceedings.

There was that melee of photographers who turned the charity debutante ball, hosted by the elegant Duke and Duchess of Medinaceli into a shambles and fostered the stories of coolness and rift between Mrs. Kennedy and Princess Grace of Monaco. (This occasioned unprecedented letters of denial from the Princess to United States publications.)

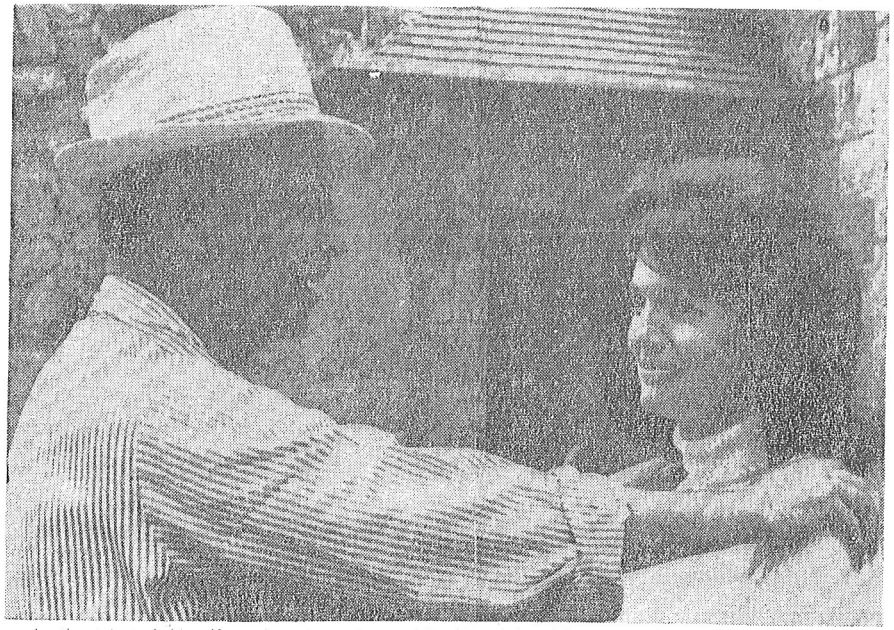
There was the ridiculous rumor of Jackie's romantic interest in Spanish ambassador to the Vatican, Antonio Garrigues, 62, a widower with eight children. (This occasioned denials not only by an annoyed Ambassador Duke who snorted, "Silly!" but also by Jackie's mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, who termed it all "rubbish!")

To top off the minor upsets some of the tradition-minded Spaniards criticized Jackie for what they carped were her "inaccurate costumes" and even the wrong angle of her hat. ("It was a beautiful mistake, if it was one," said one of her American defenders.)

Jackie looked stunning during her visit to Spain, thanks partly to having one of those new "falls" of long hair, but she was also criticized for having a hairdresser fly with her from Madrid to Seville.

Returning home, she found her description of the bullfights as "exciting" and "beautiful" had touched off something resembling World War III.

Cleveland Amory, speaking for the Humane Society of the United States, said: "It is a sad and singularly ironic footnote to our modern age of violence that Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, of all people, who has seen the barbarism of the present era at such tragic firsthand, should now see fit to condone and even compliment . . . one of the last relics of the barbarism of the past era."



Another trip took Mrs. Kennedy to Argentina to visit Miguel Angel Carcano, a friend of her late husband.

Jackie never bothered to reply to critics. She kept busy. She had become involved in the work of writer William Manchester, for whom she had given more than 10 hours of tape-recorded reminiscences to be included in his book, "The Death of a President," an undertaking then authorized and approved by Jackie.

At the same time, she ignored the books and reports attacking the Warren Report and all efforts to re-open the inquiry into the assassination.

(Her close friends say neither Jackie nor any of the family will concern themselves with these matters. They feel the death of the President was all that intimately concerned them and how it was done, by whom, or what history's verdict may be, does not matter to them.)

In May, Jackie went to New Vernon, N.J., to watch Caroline ride in a horse show and to ride with her—the team won second place in the family class.

Jackie also attended a gala showing of David Webb artifacts at French & Co., along with the Duchess of Windsor and 1,100 of the elite.

It was a benefit for the Hospital for Special Surgery (one of the glittering social events of the year).

Two days later, she turned up at Nathan's hot-dog stand in Coney Island with Mike Nichols, actor Alan Arkin and Mrs. Arkin. In a white dress with a pink scarf, Jackie ate frankfurters, fried clams and french fries until the crowd became too much and the 60th Precinct had to rescue her. It seemed a life of interesting contrasts.

But the pressures were building up again.

Jackie's neighbors in Somerset Hills, N.J., complained that her presence attracted too many photographers and that locking gates to keep them out of Pleasant Valley also kept out the garbage truck.

They didn't want Jackie to hunt there on Saturdays.

But Douglas Dillon, former secretary of the treasury under Kennedy, squelched them by saying that he would close the farm to the hunt if Mrs. Kennedy was barred.

Since he owns the best farm for hunting in the area, the edict was quickly countermanded. It nevertheless left a bad feeling.

Another blow at efforts to individualize and find herself fell when Jackie joined the committee to try to save the 83-year-old Metropolitan Opera House from destruction.

She was promptly blasted by Met manager Rudolf Bing, who said she had attended the opera "very rarely" and who pointedly remarked, with a blow at privilege, that she could hardly know the obsolete condition of the building since she was always escorted directly to her box.

"I regret," he went on, "that such a distinguished lady allows herself to comment on something about which she is so ill-informed."

Jackie never answered Bing back.

She continued her Save-the-Old-Met efforts and in due time, pressed Sen. Robert Kennedy into helping on a legislative level.

By the time June started warming the New York streets, Jackie was understandably eager to get away to Hawaii on a vacation.

She first flew to San Francisco with Caroline and John and was joined there by her former brother-in-law, actor Peter Lawford, and his two children, Christopher, 11, and Sydney, 9.

With them went Lawford's longtime friend, John Spierling, a handsome Honolulu bachelor and Hilton Hotel businessman.

Later it was said that only Spierling's and Lawford's cars had access to the rented three-bedroom Kahala beach house which Mrs. Kennedy had leased from Sen. Peter Dominick of Colorado.

However, she was also seen in the company of 47-year-old John Carl Warnecke, the architect for the Kennedy Library.

All went swimmingly well in Hawaii except for minor accidents to the children. (Caroline cut her foot on coral and John burned himself on a charcoal fire.)

Wore Orchid Leis

The family wore orchid leis around their necks and Jackie dressed casually in sheaths and low-heeled shoes.

King Kamehameha Day was celebrated at a parade. A flying visit was paid to Laurance Rockefeller's Manua Kea Beach Hotel 150 miles from Honolulu.

Jackie, as usual, made fashion news: She bought several pareau sarong wrap-arounds and bikini shifts, switched from two-piece suits to bikinis in hot two-color prints.

Later, she and the children moved to Henry Kaiser's estate at Pork Lock where they shopped, explored, surfed and soaked up Hawaiian history and legend.

The trip was such a success, for one reason or another (many, many people in New York were sure there was a romance involved) that Jackie ended up staying seven full weeks.

When she left, she thanked the Honolulu papers for the "extraordinary gesture" of respecting her privacy.

"I had forgotten and my children have never known what it is like to discover a new place, unwatched and unnoticed."

She paused briefly in New York before motoring to Newport in July, where the wedding of her half-sister, Janet Jennings Auchincloss, was completely mobbed by approximately 4,000 tourists due, of course, to the presence of Jacqueline, John and Caroline.

TOMORROW — Second thoughts about the information Jackie gave for the Manchester book.

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